The FUNERAL of FACTION.

Funerals perform'd by Squire S——ds and the best Shammy Gloves by Leonidas.

March 26 1741 act of Parliament.

I.

GOD proſper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all;
A woeful Motion lately did
In *Weſtminſter* befall.

II.

To drive Sir *R*—— from the State
Bold *C*——*p*——*l* took his Way,
The Child may laugh that is unborn
The Motion of that Day.

III.

This noble P—— with Anger ſhook,
A Vow to God did make,
That he would rout Sir *R*—— out,
And make all Place-men quake.

IV.

Theſe Tidings to Sir *R*—— came,
That on a certain Day
This doubty P—— and Squire *S*——*ds*
Would his Indictment lay.

V.

The Knight undaunted ſent them Word,
He would aſſiſt their Sport,
And truſting on his Innocence,
Did to the Houſe reſort.

VI.

The angry Curs began to bark,
And ſnarl upon the Chair;
On *Thurſday* they began their Cry,
When Day-light did appear.

VII.

The noiſy Yea's were on the Left,
Not able to endure:
The Nay's were muſter'd on the Right,
In their juſt Cauſe ſecure.

VIII.

All Day they fought it hand to Hand,
The *Tories* left the Plain,
And, e're the Noon of Night was paſt,
Th'unruly Beaſt was ſlain.

IX.

Thus Faction yielded up the Ghoſt
In Rage, Deſpair and Pain;
A rich old Widow then perceiv'd
Her darling Son was ſlain.

X.

Who ſtrait invites his neareſt Kin,
This diſmal Death to rue,
And ſhe herſelf chief Mourner is;
All this we know is true.

XI.

This heavy News to *Perkin* came,
Alas! alas! ſaid he;
I've now no Hopes in old *England*,
The Pope muſt comfort me.

XII.

God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land
In Plenty, Joy and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
In either Houſe may ceaſe.

Printed for T. Cooper, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, 1741. *Publiſh'd according to Act of Parliament.* Price Six-Pence.